

CHRISTIAN SPIRITUALIST

"EVERY PLANT WHICH MY HEAVENLY FATHER HATH NOT PLANTED SHALL BE ROOTED UP."

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York.

THE "LYRIC OF THE MORNING LAND."

BY S. LEAVITT.

The enthusiastic admirer of the literary productions of Mr. Harris and his Spirit-friends, shrink from any attempt to induce the public generally to view these productions in the same light which they view them; and yet cannot forbear an occasional expression of opinion on the subject. Sometimes, indeed, they feel disposed to merely sit and weep, because "the long-earred generation" cannot sit and hear him while he sings. Then again the impulse seizes them to turn wandering minstrels, and sing the poet-mediums' joyous and prophetic outbursts of inspired song in the ears of all people, whether they will hear or whether they will forbear.

Seldom is a popular book other than ephemeral, because such books are generally, like the sermons of deignmen hired to preach up a certain set of doctrines, merely "done to order," embodiments of current popular notions. But books destined to be immortal, are mostly antagonistic to, and in advance of, the current of popular thought. They burst out irresistibly from the author's mind, who has to say, as Mr. Harris said in his "Epic," "I speak it though I die." They seek not to cater to world's tastes, but to elevate them. Therefore it has had to be said of all such world's prophets (prophets, out-tellers) as it may be said of this fore-running Homer of the Spiritual Age, "they came to their own and their own received them not."

But let us turn to the literary merits of these writings. We do not hesitate to assert that they—especially the "Disclosures," published in the Mountain Cove Journal, which the New York Review called the "Prose Epic of the Nineteenth Century"—have no equals as literary curiosities in all modern literature. But furthermore with regard to the "Epic" and "Lyric," when has the world seen such poetry before; whether in point of originality, rhythm, or elevating and beautifying influence? There is sufficient originality of thought in them, to render a score of ordinary poets famous. Indeed, original thoughts so crowd upon one another in these marvellous productions, as to neutralize each other's influence upon the reader's mind; which is bewildered as in a garden where all the fruits and flowers are so sweet, that the wanderer there cannot pluck any single one, but merely stands filled with a sense of collective excellence. As to mere rhytme—where in Hood or Moore is there greater evidence of the author's superiority in that respect?

And as to the elevating and beautifying of these books, we will say that many a reader will bear us out in this; that there is something even awful in their effect upon any person who gets really into the soul of them. In some passages there is such an unearthly, scarp-like beauty expressed; they so evidently hail from the heavenly courts, that one seems to hear a voice saying, "put off thy shoes from off thy feet, for the place whereon thou standest is holy ground."

Moreover, it may be said of the general influence of the writings, that one has, while reading them, as while reading the Bible—a sense of having good done them; of being lifted above "the dull material accidents of this sensual body."

As to their reliability as Spiritual communications; no doubt there are many positively false statements in them, as there have been apparently through most preceding mediums. Let us be content to look upon them as, taken as a whole—something divine from above us—which it is well worth our while to ponder. What each man's intuitive finds of truth in them, that let him hold as such. For one, we are even ashamed to reveal how few of the statements in the poems, which claim to present truths, we are able to reject as containing falsities; and therefore shall pass over without comment many of those passages of the "Lyric," which are most interesting to us. Still, there is more which is evidently purely imaginative in the "Lyric" than in the "Epic," so that it is difficult to decide, sometimes, whether the poet is using his "license" or trying to reveal a fact.

From the practical point of view presented by a Five Points Dutch Grocery, of a muddy, foggy, November day, the historical part of the "Lyric of the Morning Land," to say nothing of its philosophy—would perhaps appear a little romantic. But to those who have looked far enough into the soul of things, to perceive that in one sense every thing in this universe is astounding—and that in another sense nothing in this universe is astounding—will not be able to lay their fingers on many passages of the book with the exclamation, "Absurd!" As an epic, the book runs thus. The medium finds himself as to his Spirit upon the asteroid Pallas. There he meets with the Spirit of a poet once resident on the earth, who narrates his history and sings sundry supernal songs to him. The medium then goes in company with this friend to call upon

one certain "Lily Queen," who he discovers is his conjugal partner, and who mostly accompanies him in his after wanderings. (The principal idea enforced by the whole book is the eternity of true conjugal love.) After remaining awhile on Pallas, gathering wisdom and relating some of his experiences to the inhabitants of that planet; he finds himself wafted through the ether as over a Spiritual sea, toward the planet Hesperus; where he is further instructed concerning conjugal love. Finally—

"Seated gloriously,
We sped toward the sun and left below
The heavenly Hesperus."

While in the sun he receives much curious information concerning furries; and no doubt what he says about the "little folk" will be found rather indigestible by most readers.

With this introduction, we will now present such extracts from the book as seem best calculated to substantiate the claims put forth by its admirers. In the "History" we read—

"When summer winds went whispering through the glade,
This infant was, as in a manger laid,
When summer clouds went wandering o'er the streams
Our Medium sang it, while entranced in dreams,
Through misty and sweet morn."

In support of the claims of the "Lyric" to a Spiritual origin, he says in the "Prelude"—

"Since thou canst not find
How the roses bloom,
Or what loves combined
Form the living rose,
Why, O why,
Vainly try
To pry
How unfold
Flowers of gold in poet's breast;
By what art the poet's flower,
Angel thoughts in words of time,
Angel songs in outward rhyme?"

PART I. PALLAS.

Arrived in Pallas, he

"Saw a Spirit, wise and calm, and holy,
Sitting beside a temple's western gate,
And when the sun set he arose in state,
And ere the crimson tints had faded wholly,
He drew his floating mantle round his breast,
Leaving from his right, until star
His luminous forehead illumined like a star
That sparkles o'er some heavenly mountain crest."

Next, after encountering the poet above mentioned—

"That poet fair and young rehearsed to me,
While we were gliding through this emerald sea,
The story of his death, a platitude,
Ending like dreary Winter's final gale,
In Spring-like gladness of immortal life,
Thus he rehearsed it. When I felt the glow
Of pain cut through my heart-strings, so I spoke,
And thus the heavenly radiance on the broke:

THE POET'S STORY.

Don't stand so near me—give me air—
I faint—I choke—I die—good-bye—
Rise! I see you body lie
Beneath me. Ere I lie there is there.
I hear them talk. I see them shed
Cold tears, and new and old and new,
They kiss the dust, kisses; the chill
Rejoice them; heart, breast, lips are still;
The cold blood curdles in the veins,
The nameless Terror comes and reigns.
Can this be death? It is. I lay
My Spirit-land upon the air,
And feel that I have passed away."

Now, come what will, at least I'm free.
I fear not, though indeed I fear
Men say that I am damned. How dear
My fellow-creatures were to me,
I gave the life-blood of my thought,
Love, Truth, and Peace, in deeds I wrought;
And my being was a sacrifice,
Chanting the hymn of light divine,
And yet they call me damned—my doom
They calmly speak, before the tomb
Has taken to its cold embrace
My body's dust. My mortal race
Is ended. Friends I loved are gone,
Say I am now a fiend-in-hell—
And why? Because I could not see
That three were one and one was three."

It would seem from what follows, that the hell he went to was not such an unpleasant place as his friends anticipated—

"A Spirit called me by a name
Which indicated a 'singing sweetness';
And I became a winged cherub;
Sometimes I played in the windless ether
Hassened by Sars beneath the waves;
Or crept into crimson shells unheeded,
And in them heard the heart of the World
Beating force, and seeing in played
Strange songs, more ancient than eld Time.
And I saw the silver Spirits who pleasure
And live and love in the richest treasure
Of ivory valves and mountains hid
Nestled the ocean with its hidden lid
Of a sleeping infant its heaven-like eye,
Or stars rapt away in the day-lit sky."

"The Poet's Song of Outer Life," an utterance of this same lyrical Spirit, is exquisitely mournful—

"As the stream to ocean glideth,
To its burial in the waves,
We are buried when our life is o'er;
Death alone eterne abideth,
Sitting on his throne of graves;
And the dreary wild that raves,
glows from life's shaken tree;
Wind-swept shadows henceforth we."

Mournfully, O mournfully,
Chant the dirge and taint the bell;
Earth is but a burial-shed,
That enfolds us ere we feel;
All things round us grieve and weep,
While the death-words toward us creep.
Setting stars our eyes to see
Phantoms of the night are we."

We come now to the meeting of the "Lily Queen"—

"My heart's eclipse
Was ended. Lik the moon beside the sun,
Shining in new day, 'twas clear, I began
To glow in her sweet presence. I had found
A Spirit like myself, the high sea was crowned
Rejoiced, and I an home, a wandering form,
When thou on Earth, I in 'my heaven was born.'
She paused, and gazed upon me, and my head
On her translucent glories seemed to play
Within her shining eyes; 'Immortal,' art
Shine luminous o'er me. 'With distant
Shone touched the inmost lyre-strings of my heart;
I trembled as a deep-drop, when it blende
With the pure life's fragrance, while she bends
Her silver leaves to drink its fragrance in;
I felt a new-born life in me begin."

"The Vision of the Lamb," which the medium relates at the request of a Pallasite, who knew of his having had such a vision—amongst other gems contains the following. Beholding the Spiritual Sun, he says—

"I felt the rays
Of morning through my Spirit sun,
And all my heart became a sea
Of Spiritual melody."

I looked again; the Spirit Moon
Glowed gently to the south of east.
My heart grew still; its motion ceased.
I sank into an inward swoon,
As a pale flower, with too much light
Overcome, that closes up its eyes,
And in a dream of deep delight
Was wafted through the skies."

One of the most noticeable passages in the book is that which apparently describes a portion of the journey from Pallas to Hesperus; we give it almost entire—

"Windless and waveless grew the sea,
And, gazing from the southern shore,
A jeweled pinnacle came to me;
A soft wind blew and sped me o'er
The waters, and above the snow,
White clouds were wafting to and fro,
As if they were the floating sails
Of airy barques by heavenly gales
Wafted through atmospheric breeze.
Then rose and swelled the northern breeze,
And bore me southward in my flight;
Three days I sailed through day and night.
At times, asleep on billows green,
The water lay as smooth as glass,
And wafting as I passed them by,
They opened their white sails brightly;
And sometimes passing Fairy Isles,
I saw mysterious shining piles,
Temple and palace, tower and dome;
And still I flew through sparkling foam."

Mysterious moved, nor wind nor sail
Impelled me, but the voiceless gale,
So faint I scarcely felt its wings
Moved round me. Nightly, star-like rings
Were kindled in the ether blue,
These rings-like circles met my view
Through all the sky instead of stars;
At times the circles, like golden bars
Of music, chimed beneath the keel;
And mystic strains came from the sea,
And wind-chimes; then I knew we sped
Where the sweet winds with songs were fed
From Fairy Islands and white sails;
Sometimes I heard the waters leap;
And then I saw the yellow leaves
Of feathered palms, like in the sea,
Took root, and opened on the breast
Of Ocean a transcendent crest
Of purple flowers; these were possessed
By golden cygnets—each a west
For silver swans. From east to west
The heavens with wavy lines of light
Were streaked and plumed from morn till night,
And jeweled birds with plumage bright
Rooed, dashing, from the ocean's brine;
And all the while this heart of mine
Beat languid in my breast, and soon
My Spirit sank into a swoon,
And still my form was borne within
That magic haze, the fairest spell,
Around the sea became more bright
As the third day dropped into night."

When I awoke, a silver shell
Lay in the boat. I took it up,
And found it was a hollow cup;
'Twas filled with sweetest hydropine,
I drank it. As I drank, the air
Scented filled with fragrance as snow,
With white wings waving and aloft;
From north to south they seemed to go.
A dust strain began to glow
Around me on my way. The glow
Like the sky's light, and the sea's
Like the ocean, when it flows
From pole to zenith, and the rays
Rose by degrees, till all the air
Formed a vast, rosy dome on high;
And all that glorious canopy
Transparent grew, till white and gold
Celestial Spheres in music rolled,
And luminous beauty."

A Spirit asking the medium as he glided through the sky toward Venus "what is Heaven?" he says, amongst other things of the heavenly man—

"And his Spiritual Nature,
Askest only how to bless;
Inward form and outward nature
Glow with living tenderness."

"And I take the real essence
Of the heavenly life to be,
Lifted with the angel presence
Of the Lord's Divinity."

For Heaven, within the sphere of Angels,
Unseen by any senses ere,
Like inner sense in old Evangelists,
Divinely beautiful, fills the sky."

"As thus I sang, the sweetest breathing,
The softest voice, the purest spell,
My inner life divinely wrestling,
Like music o'er the senses fell."

Then follows this ravishing glimpse of the voyage—

"I looking up, saw Hesper glowing,
A Spirit-ship, in tender glow,
And saw my fairy bark was going,
As swift a white thought, silently."

Drawn by that whitest world's attraction,
Blown o'er translucent azure seas;
And Spirit-Suns in bright reflection,
Pictured upon the cloud-like breeze
Ten thousand miracle worlds, and ever,
As through a cloven vale we flew,
There rushed and foamed a rapid river,
Whose waves were crimson, sprayed with blue."

(To be continued.)

SPIRITUAL COMMUNICATIONS.

The following communications will repay the reader for the time he may give to their study, whatever he may think of the origin of the composition. We are pleased to know that the cause is progressing in Providence, and that the friends keep the books and papers in circulation.
If Spiritualists were friendly to general reform, and would "make an effort" to keep these books in motion, great good would come of it, for none can read a good book through, without some other sunlight coming into the chaos of old notions—Spiritual books and papers should be at the command of all interested in the growth of Spiritual culture.

PROVIDENCE, Dec. 1854.

We know there is much error which springs up with this; but the ground which will produce good seed, will it not, also, produce thorns? The evil will be cured when the good is fully established. Therefore, those who deplore the error, must do what they can to develop the good. The time for trial—aye, severe trial—is yet to come; and we to those who do not dare to meet it. In order to develop the good, you must have faith that there is good in it. You must trust in us, as those who have gone before, and therefore more experienced. You must not only talk, you must breathe it in your lives; so that none shall leave you without saying, "Of a truth he hath been with Spirits." And let that word Spirit comprehend all that is lofty, noble and good in your own natures, as well as ours.

Do not feel that there is wanting the true Spirit in receiving these communications, this evening. You have not sufficiently harmonized with each other; a feeling of restraint has been one of the barriers to the communication; but by coming together often, the angularities of each will be rounded off, and smoothed down, so there will be no more difficulty. There is something, to me, so beautiful in thus drawing the future so close to your everyday life; even those who have but little faith in these communications, have their views of their

future home involuntarily changed. The influence comes like the dew, and will be found sparkling like gems in the flowers of life. This evening's work may seem as nothing to you, yet it has done all it could. The Spirit is always conqueror. Though all may seem doubtful, despairing—aye failure itself—the Spirit sets its seal upon it, saying, "It is mine! All that this hour or this moment could do, has been done!" The Spirit never yields; for it is not a spark of Divinity, which is all-powerful!

Well, my friends, I will not be repelled; I must write, and you must listen. I would stamp indelibly on your minds the familiar maxim, "Learn to labor and to wait." Yes, well can you labor, with a noble object in view. But without! Have you courage to spend your life laboring for nought, or for that which you cannot understand? With a noble object in view, what can you not accomplish? Nothing is too strong for you to overcome, when heart and hand work in unison. But where is the man among you who will steadily, carefully and faithfully devote day after day—his whole existence—to an unknown work, and whose soul is large enough to control heart, head and hands? Yet such men must be found, for the work must be done, while they cannot as yet understand for what. We ask you not to work for no purpose, we would have you "work for some good, be it ever so lowly," but we would that you should have faith to work for generalities, without so much of this individualizing. Suppose you cannot always see the results, what then? Work without seeing them. "Whatever thy hands find to do, do with all thy might." Let there be no shrinking from actual toil; face it boldly and determinedly. But labor is not all. Rush not blindly into the work, mistaking your own views for new truths, but learn to wait till you are master of your own capabilities. Wait! say! wait! Let there be no turning back! Your work is all before you, and when you have mastered one lesson, another will be spread before you. There need be no hesitancy, no glancing over the shoulder to see if the work so well performed, will be rightly taken care of. Let it suffice you to know, that when the hour of rest is come, you shall pause and know for yourself the final result of your slightest action. And while you are thus working, remember that you must also be developing the talent committed to your keeping.

The law of life is progress, the law of growth is progress. What is progress? It is to add daily to your stock of knowledge, here a little, there a little, like children gathering wild flowers. It is to do this to-day because you are a child, and to-morrow because you are a man. Are all persons who are living and growing, progressing? Are you (who ought to be,) advancing with such rapid stride as you might in this great work? You, yourselves know that you enjoy the most that which you have most labored for. Shall you, then, be sparing in your efforts to obtain the fruits of this law? It may seem to you, that it is looking too far into the future, to seek for the fruits of progress, but it is only seeming. When a seed is planted, do you think of anything save the fruit that shall grow from it? Do you stop to think of the slender blade in the delicate blossom, and then on step by step? True, all these changes must be passed through, but you would rest content with any one of them, if you did not know what else to expect. So it is with this. Those who fancy each development is the highest and best, are contented, but those of you who still remain unsatisfied, do you believe you are always to remain so? Do you believe there are wants in your nature which are never to be satisfied, capacities never to be made useful? Nay, I tell you it is not so. When you have done all you can yourselves, when you have labored, when you have tilled the soil, there will not be wanting seed to drop into it, or dew from heaven to water them. Do not deceive yourselves by working merely on the surface, but plough deep and broad.

C.
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SPIRITUALISM AMONG THE QUAKERS.

Some weeks since we published a short statement of fact with the above heading, to report progress in this department of the religious world. Since then we have been frequently asked why Spiritualism has not spread more rapidly among the Quakers, considering their Spiritual (or habits, in belief, culture and reason, why the Friends should be backward in receiving the modern manifestations, as we know them to be as tenacious of their faith as any orthodox D.D. could wish them to be. To the student of history, however, there is an obvious reason, since the rise, progress, development and decline of all parties and sects, illustrates the truth of the statement, that "the first shall be last, and the last shall be first."

This is not only the order, but the economy of Providence, since it makes the mission of all sectarianism not only useful, but the agents by which progress is developed.

The following letter and communication may throw some light on the present condition and future prospects of the Quaker family.

PHILADELPHIA, 11 mo. 30th, 1854.

ESTEEMED FRIEND SAMUEL BARRY:—

When reading the notice in the Anti-Slavery Standard of the 25th of November, of the death of our dear friend Esther Moore, I was forcibly reminded of my last interview with her. She had for some time past been a constant attendant at the meetings of the Spiritualists of this city. One morning after a lecture from S. B. Brittan, I met her in the Hall, and after the usual greetings, I said, friend Moore, I feel anxious to know what induced thee to examine this subject? Pressing my hand affectionately, she replied, my dear friend, I will tell thee. The injustice done to a portion of the human family has long weighed heavy at my heart. We, as a society, have always borne our testimony against oppression. But I felt we were not fulfilling our duty. We were too contracted. I felt we ought to come out and join the reforms that were going

on in the world. That we ought to be up and doing.

I stated my concern at our meeting of business, but was repulsed. I urged it at different times, but always met with the same treatment. I became disheartened and sad, and ceased to attend those meetings I had always loved so much. I remained at home and communed with my Heavenly Father in my own chamber. After a time, I went to a meeting of a few Millerites, but I did not receive the comfort there I was seeking. At length, a friend called to see me, and gave me a little book called Spiritual Instructions. I read it with great satisfaction, and I must say it corresponded with my ideas of truth more than any work I had ever met with. My friend called again, and invited me to attend these meetings. I did so, and laying her hand upon her breast, she said: my dear friend, I feel I am going home, and I must say, I feel more true happiness in these meetings than any I have attended for a long time. I remarked to her that this doctrine is very cheering to us who are advanced in years, who have already lived out our three score years and ten, and who in accordance with Nature's laws cannot long remain in the form. When parting, she urged me to call and see her, that she might have more conversation with me upon the subject, which she felt to be of so much importance.

R. THOMAS.

The following communication was received through Henry C. Gordon, from the Spirit of his dear friend.

"I felt the appropriateness of the lines spoken by T. L. Harris, to a friend in this city, and can adopt that language now.

"I rose like a mist from the mountain,
When day walks abroad on the hills,
I rose like a spray from the fountain,
From life and its wearying ills."

I have bathed in the heavenly river,
I have charmed the Seraphim's song,
And I walk in my brightness forever,
Amid the celestial throng."

My departure was a bright one. There was no darkness or gloom before me. I felt that I knew the road well, for I had heard the angel-voices as they spoke of the bright onward path of progression.

My journey from the outward life was short and pleasant; bright Spirits were around me, cheering me with their living presence, and holy words of love fell upon my Spirit in tones of sweetness, and I did not realize that I was going to the Spirit-sphere. A short season of unconsciousness passed over me, but no long dead, dreary night enveloped the "valley of the shadow of death," as I passed from the outer form to the inner life. After a short refreshing season, I awoke, not to suffer pain in an earthly frame, worn and weary with years, but to rise beyond the rugged cliffs of earth to mount upwards where the chain of bondage and religious oppression never reaches.

When this change came over me, I did not realize that it was death. I beheld the opening of the golden portals, and I looked around upon the earth. I did not ascend, as many suppose, with the swiftness of an arrow through the circles and spheres up to the throne of God.

I found much to attract me, and my soul was filled with joy on entering the circle of Spirits around me. In this circle were innumerable beings who hovered close to my Spirit and expressed in their beaming countenances the joy they felt in meeting one whom they dearly loved. There were the Spirits of many who had endured the galling chains of bondage while on earth, but who had now passed away for ever from the iron grasp of the cruel task master. I here saw that my mission had ended below, and rejoicing in the goodness and glory of our Father, they hovered around me and embraced me in that love and affection which angels only know. Many bright ones from other spheres and circles came to greet me with a soul-stirring welcome to the home of the blessed above, and with these my Spirit glided gently away.

And now, when I return and look over this highly favored city, I see that it is deplorable, it is pitiful that in this great city full of friends, and of men and women, who ought to be more liberal and advanced, it is said that there should be so much conflict among the friends. Now she shows me two beautiful trees that appear to be growing in a forest side by side, their tops are waving by the strong wind, which seems to bend their bows until they come in contact; the limbs are rubbing together; both seem to be struggling to claim the same ground and the same position before the sun. Now, I see that the limbs which have been thus rubbing together seem to have taken fire, and they are consuming each other. There is a great smoke, and a dark cloud resting over the whole forest. This, she says, is the present condition of the society of friends. Those who are not in the blaze are in the smoke, some begin to feel the heat and are trying to move off, others rush into the midst of the consuming pile, their self-will impels them to consume themselves rather than to yield the point.

I was not one of these self-willed, for I withdrew my presence from their midst, and I give God the glory, not man, that I found the right pathway to peace and happiness."

The medium said, "I see, still, a blackened mass of burnt trunks and limbs of trees where this fire has been raging, and from their ashes has sprung another growth which seems to be enriched by the experience of the past, for there appears to be a regularity and freshness, and harmony manifested in the form of this new forest. I see birds flying in this new grove, and they are singing so sweetly and melodiously that it seems to be a hallowed grove. In the foregoing emblem is conveyed the progress and development of Spiritualism."

GOETHE'S MAXIMS AND REFLECTIONS.

Translated from the German by G. E. Brownell.

[Goethe is no where richer or more peculiar than in his aphorisms and smaller poems. In the former he usually presents one side of some important truth, or hits, with unerring aim, some prevailing error or folly. And however one may differ from the author in regard to the opinions and sentiments, so definitely expressed, they will at least be found to be remarkably suggestive, leading to reflections, in the reader, of still greater value, because the product of his own mind.

We intended at first to have added some explanations and illustrations to the more recondite of these "reflections," but we remember that no one prizes a proverb the less for having himself discovered its application, and most people like best nuts of their own cracking. We will not, therefore, mar the zest of any by a "multiplication of words" which very likely would be "without wisdom."

How shall we learn to know ourselves? By reflection—never; but only through action. Strive to do thy duty; then shalt thou know what is in thee.

But what is my duty? That which is before thee, the task of the day.

In the works of men, as in those of Nature, aims and intentions are specially to be regarded.

Botanists have a division of plants which they name *Incompleta*; one may also say that there are incomplete men. Such are those whose inward longing and striving are out of proportion to their powers of action and execution.

Necessant activity, of what kind soever, leads at last to bankruptcy.

It is not always necessary that truth should be embodied; it is all sufficient if it hover Spiritually around; if, like the sound of bells, it float with earnest friendliness through the air.

Man cannot properly be said to live till he rejoices in the well being of others.

Piety is not an end, but a means, through the purest repose of the Spirit, to attain the highest culture.

Wherefore it may be remarked that those who pursue piety as an end and aim are mostly hypocrites.

A duty discharged still seems a debt, for no one can satisfy himself.

The greatest esteem which an author can express for the public is never to bring forth that which it expects, but what he himself—with that degree of culture, native and foreign, to which he has attained—discerns to be right and useful.

It is by no means easy for people to understand one another, even with the best will and intentions; but to these must be added ill-will, that disturbs everything.

Life, as common as it looks, as readily as it seems to settle down into the common-place and quotidian, still cherishes in secret higher aims, and is ever quietly looking around for the means of attaining them.

As from habit one looks at a watch which no longer goes, so turns the eye to those of beauty, from which love no longer looks out to us.

It is much easier to discern error than to find the truth; the former lying on the surface, is readily perceived; the latter reposes in depth, whence not every one can call her forth.

Beauty is a revelation of the inmost laws of Nature, which, without her mediation, must ever have been concealed from us.

Beauty and genius must one put far from him, if he will not be their servant.

It has fared with me in science as to one who rises early in the grey of morning twilight; he waits impatiently for the sun, yet when he appears is dazzled by his intolerable brightness.

Everything that frees us from outward restraints, without adding to our power of self-government, is mischievous.

Imagination is disciplined only through art, especially poetry. There is nothing more frightful than imagination without taste.

Poetry most predominates in the beginning of periods; whether entirely rude, half cultivated, at some essential change in their culture, or at the introduction of a foreign culture; so that one may say that the influence of novelty is here felt throughout.

Music, in its best sense, is less dependent upon novelty; yea, the older it is, the more accustomed one is to it, the greater is its effect.

The worth of art appears most eminent in music, since it requires no material, no subject-matter, whose effect must be deducted. It is wholly form and power, and it raises and ennobles whatever it expresses.

Music is either sacred or secular. Sacred music is perfectly suited to its design, and worthy of its high office; it has the greatest effect upon life, remaining essentially the same through all ages and epochs. Secular music should be cheerful throughout.

Music which mingles the character of the sacred and secular, is impious; delighting in the expression of weak, sad, pitiful feelings, it is insipid. For it lacks the earnestness of the former, and the indissoluble requisite of the latter—serenity. The sanctity of church music, the cheerfulness and melody of popular melodies, are the two points about which all true music revolves. The two species also show at all times their invariable tendency and effect—devotion or the dance. The mixture perplexes; the union is fruitless, and if music be joined to didactic or descriptive poetry, it becomes cold.

PROS AND CONS.

If the world's history has proved any one thing more clear than another, it is the need of *modesty* in all matters of opinions not purely scientific; and yet, strange as it may seem, these are the very opinions most obstinately and perseveringly insisted on nine times in ten. The limited information of the great mass of mankind makes theory and speculation inevitable; since great observation, reading, study and experience are needed to give true *method* to reflection, and make classification attend the varying phases of reasoning. This is natural, since as social beings we need to be communicative and talkative in some way or other, to answer the ends for which society has a being.

It is most natural, therefore, that most men and women should be off-hand in their communications, and partial and fragmentary in their conclusions; since thus far in the world's history, most of the time has been spent in solving the questions, what shall I eat, what shall I drink, and wherewithal shall I be clothed?

Still, there have been minds so profoundly gifted with intuition, and reflective energy, that one well established *fact* in Nature has proved to them, if not the philosopher's stone, by which all minerals and metals were to be converted into fine gold, at least the foundation on which the fulcrum of *thought* has been placed to raise the world, and mould the destinies of generations yet unborn. Many such live in the pages of history, mighty and comprehensive Spirits, whose colossal statues reach far up into the heaven of pure thought, so far, that generations grow old in their shadow, and die, wondering at the marvelous beauty that fashioned into being Creations so many-phased and sided, that all types seem explained, and all hieroglyphs translated by their light.

From these two come the *pros* and *cons* of opinion, "What is truth?" still being the battle cry in the Conflict of the Ages.

The question, however, is not so general to-day as when Jesus stood before his accusers, for the world's motion and commotion have not only rolled some truths into being, but stamped them with an immortal beauty and undying glory. So broad-cast and stupendous is this great fact, that it takes the sting from suffering, the pain from sad experience, and clothes with a halo of light the varying shades of ignorance, folly, and imperfection, that gather with the memories of long ago.

Still, life has its lesson for all, and each has to solve some question before the great book of conscience can be unfolded and read with unmistakable meaning. This question asked of old, "If a man die shall he live again?" has resounded through the ages, so long and continuously, that the echo is spent in space, and taen weary of the question. The soul has clung to the name of Jesus, believing that he had brought life and immortality to light through the gospel; and great love has warmed affection, until devotion's anthem has filled the inner chambers of the soul, and expanded in gratitude to the fountain of all good, for the dying and resurrectional testimony of him who came to be the light, the life, and the way. Devotion, with her memory of love, still delights to honor him who was to be the first among many brethren; but "the man of the world," the cynic, and the skeptic, have but sneers for traditions, be they ever so sacred, and doubts for a faith that goes no deeper into life than history, be its author ever so holy and pure.

Beside all this, the "battle of the Churches" has so confused the native sense of man, and so confounded the plain teachings of Jesus, that even devotion's self is sometimes at a loss to know what to say, so conflicting and contradictory are the conclusions arrived at from sectarian stand-points.

It would seem to good sense, that amid such a state of things, any revelation that came to give light on the soul's destiny, and corroborate the teachings of Jesus, would be accepted of all, and loved by those professing to accept the testimony of a historical and traditional faith. This, however, is not the fact; for the *pros* and *cons* of controversy still live and have a vigorous being, for the revelations of the past five years are of too startling a nature, to admit of calm and quiet discussion. Spiritualism, however, has passed from the *MYSTIC* phases in which it "played fantastic tricks," to the unfolding manhood of developed genius, from which it speaks of the moral and Spiritual grandeur of life; the dignity and splendor of progress; the redemption of the world from ignorance and folly; and sings the resurrectional hymn of praise for the conscious proof of "another and a better life."

This has come home to the inner Spirit of millions in this country, making them blessed beyond all others, as they learn day by day to translate the economy of God's providence, and grow into Spirit-life as the Spirit develops in its unfoldings. This is their testimony,—that whereas they were once *blind*, they now *see*; whereas, when as a child they talked as a child, they spoke as a child, they thought as a child; but having become *men*, they put away childish things. This broad and emphatic response of affirmative life would seem, in this age of boasted science and "common sense," to be enough to save the mind from criticism and abuse.

But no, the *pros* and *cons* of controversy have not as yet outgrown the charms for combative dispute and dogmatic denial; so that many think they exhibit profound wisdom in giving the *lie* to the consciousness, good sense, and investigations of over two millions of minds, who, in the most emphatic and voluntary manner, come forward with their testimony in favor of Spirit-intercourse and immortal life. Did not charity speak words of kindness for the errors of *ignorance*, this assumption of superior judgment, and presumption of fanaticism, where there is only an *honest* difference of opinion at least, would subject many a name to merited contempt for the *egotism* displayed in the off-hand denial and condemnation which the claims of Spiritualism receive from some of the so-called wise of the land.

Take the following, which we clip from one of the chapters of the "Life of Horace Greeley," now going the rounds of the press.

The writer of this extract is but a *reporter*, so we get at the opinion of Mr. Greeley without controversy. The writer says:

"As I was going, some ladies came in, and I remained a moment longer at his request. He made a languid and quite indistinguishable attempt at introduction, merely mentioning the name of the ladies with a faint *bow* at each. One of them asked a question about Spiritualism. He said, 'I have paid no attention to that subject for two years. I became satisfied it would lead to no good. In fact, I am so taken up with the things of this world, that I have too little time to spend on the affairs of the other.' She said, 'a distinction ought to be made between those who investigate the phenomena as

phenomena, and those who embrace them fanatically.' 'Yes,' said he, 'I have no objection to their being investigated by those who have more time than I have.' 'Have you heard,' asked the lady, 'of the young man who personates Shakespeare?' 'No,' he replied, 'but I am satisfied there is no folly it will not run into.'

While reflecting on the *modesty* that thus balances the controversy of some five years' standing, and sets aside the testimony of over two millions of minds by a "languid and quite indistinguishable attempt," at reasoning, one is sadly reminded of the *politician* in the double sense, who has neither time to investigate the claims of Spiritual-life, nor moral courage to say one word in its favor, although he knew Spiritualism was the accepted gospel of many true and noble minds. The *pros* and *cons* of life are multiplied by such sad and palpable contradictions, for when the external mind sees evidence of *genius* in one phase of character, it too often takes it for granted, that "a little heaven leaveneth the whole lump," and makes the mind whole.

That Mr. Greeley has *genius* few will deny, who know the power of the man; but that he is in any sense the *outline* of a *whole* man, or anything like a *whole* man looked at from the *ideal* stand-point, it were a folly in Spiritualism to think, and an absurdity in physiology to conceive, of it.

Still, persons ask, what does Mr. Greeley think of Spiritualism? We say we don't know, for we do not know what he *thinks*. What he says and what he wishes the public to know, he said upon that subject, the reader can learn from the above, for this extract is taken from a forthcoming work, purporting to be "The life of Horace Greeley," and probably in some chapters a companion for the life of P. T. Barnum.

So that society need be no longer in doubt as to the orthodoxy of Mr. Greeley, for short as his reflections are on this subject, they are "very expressive and to the point."

Thanks to humanity, however, the editorial family have many among them, who, if they cannot accept Spiritualism, seldom go far from home to do violence to other persons' convictions, content with the honest consciousness that warm their devotions and give the *silver lining* to their faith, they tolerate others in *respectful silence*, if not in commendation.

Others, however, have passed from the negative to the affirmative state, and speak of what they have *seen, felt, and heard*, which to them must be positive knowledge, with *good sense*, commendable modesty, and respect for differing opinions. We have no doubt there are many waiting for the *fit* time to give their testimony, fearful that a too active and vigorous propagandism might be injurious to *true* progress, as well as be obnoxious to some of their friends. Whatever we may think of this state of mind, when looked at from the philosophical, professional or religious stand-point, we will not now say, but we do appreciate, though we may not respect, the delicacy of mind that seeks to *hide what it considers objectionable* because *new* to others, and is like to interfere with their peace of mind.

But more do we like the plain, good sense that leaves its *truthful* testament on the altar of time, for the *genius* of history and philosophy to work into the harmonious gospel which will come with the development of life and true manhood.

The following will be acceptable in this connection, as it was written by the editor of the Rhode Island Freeman, who, if we remember aright, has been seeking light and instruction for the higher law for many years. The statement will remind the reader that the *pros* and *cons* of Spiritualism cannot be brought home to a finality by any authority but the mind investigating, though each confession of *faith* may help to inspire confidence and destroy some of the doubts of skepticism. Reader, the plain sense of the following extract is what hundreds of thousands would say, could their convictions be collected and condensed to so short a statement, but as each soul must *plant* its own bridge at least, ere it crosses the river of *doubt*, so after reading this declaration of *faith*, *think, deliberate and decide* with *observation* and *calm investigation*, be the *pros* and *cons* of your society what they may.

We notice in our exchanges that the phenomena, known as Spiritual manifestations, are spreading in all directions, and that believers in them are multiplying with astonishing rapidity. In some localities, the phenomena are assuming new phases and becoming more tangible to the senses. In Ohio and New York, Spirit-lords and forms present themselves to the eyes of the spectators, and under such circumstances as to preclude the possibility of trickery or hallucination. The ways in which the Spirits now manifest themselves, are various. Besides the "rapping and rattling," they come now and make known their presence by direct impression upon the minds of their friends, by visions, by writing with pens and pencils, by moving the hands of mediums without influencing their thoughts, and by other modes equally strange and startling to those who have never witnessed them. As for ourselves, we should not be greatly astonished to hear of such more remarkable demonstrations from the Spirit-realm. Indeed, we expect to hear in due course of time such manifestations as are yet unthought of. Reasoning from what we *know* on this matter, we say that thus far, we have seen but the shadows of coming events. As yet, the world has but witnessed the first rude experiments of departed beings to hold communications with their friends on earth. The day is approaching, as we believe, when the partition which now but partially separates the two worlds, will be far removed, that intercourse between them will be conducted with as much facility as it is now done between two continents on the earth's surface.

We have on former occasions stated some of the facts which establish the Spiritual origin of the manifestations. These facts we obtained from no record, nor from the testimony of the witnesses of them, but by our own experiments and observation. We know that what we have before stated as facts, are facts, and we feel assured that if our skeptical friends would take a little pains to investigate the subject, they would not only be forced to admit the facts, but to accept our conclusion also as to the Spiritual explanation of them.

The Lecture at the Rooms of the Ragged School, on Monday evening, December 16, No. 695 Sixth-avenue, was delivered by Mr. Charles Partridge, proprietor of the Spiritual Telegraph. The purpose of the Lecture was to prove Spirit-existence and Spirit-intercourse, which was done in a concise and pertinent array of facts, as seen and felt and heard by him, a few evenings since in a private family in this city.

The substance of Mr. Partridge's remarks have already appeared in some of the Spiritual papers, in an article headed, "A NIGHT WITH THE SPIRITS," which we hope will be read by all who as yet have not, as the statements challenge attention as well by their marvellousness, as the positive assertions of the narrator.

The practical inference to be drawn from these facts were obvious to all, as Mr. P. showed that our education, habits and conduct, were fitting us for the Spirit-world, as well as the future relations of society.

At the close of the Lecture, Mr. West, of Philadelphia, arose and stated two facts in his own personal history, which, so far as presumptive evidence could, corroborated the statement of Mr. Partridge.

The Lecture on Saturday afternoon, Dec. 23, at

8 o'clock, by Mrs. L. N. Fowler, is the first of a "Course to Ladies," which it is hoped will be well attended.

BRO. A. E. NEWTON.

We see by the New Era of December 16th, that Brother A. E. Newton, who has been acting in the capacity of assistant editor, has concluded to "withdraw from the editorial management" of that paper.

We regret very much the necessities that prompt this change, as we know Br. Newton to be a catholic in Spirit, tolerant in practice, as truthful in his communications. Such men cannot be spared from the editorial more than the ministerial world, and should not be allowed to withdraw until some efforts have been made to retain and support them.

It will be pleasing to all Spiritualists to know, that though this change must come, that *economy* and justice to all parties force the conclusion, and not the antagonisms of rivalry or gain.

Brother Newton uses the following language in his valedictory:

"Under the double burden of labor and responsibility thus far borne, he finds his health breaking down, and feels that duty to himself and those dependent upon him, imperatively requires that it should be borne no longer. Relief and rest must be had; and as these, from the nature of his constitution, cannot be secured while sustaining even nominally the responsible position he has occupied, he sees no alternative but to withdraw entirely, for the present, at least, from his duties."

Br. Hewett, the senior editor of the Era, awards his tribute of respect while regretting the necessities that withdraw Br. Newton from the paper in the following language:

"While we are truly sorry to part with the valuable labors of Br. N., we cannot otherwise than tender him our warmest thanks, not only for the efficient aid he has rendered us in our arduous editorial labors, but also for the truly brotherly, kind and appreciative manner in which he parts with us and our readers."

We hope, however, since Br. Newton is thus freed from the duties of the editorial department, that Spiritualism will in the end be the gainer, as he will have the more time to devote to lecturing and conversational efforts. The time has fully come, when competent and efficient lecturers should be sustained by the Spiritual family, as the cry is now, as in days of old, "come over and help us."

There is a work for the lecturer as well as the medium and the Spirits to do, and we hope Br. Newton will be among the active in the lecturing department while attending to the requirements of his health.

The New Era, in the "mean time," will be sustained by the labors of Br. Hewett and several gentlemen and ladies, fully competent by nature, and by a free and generous culture, not only in general science and letters, but also in Spiritualism and its world-wide philosophy and Spirit, who have voluntarily stepped forward and offered their free aid in making up the weekly contributions of this journal, for the interest of their readers.

Our best wishes are for the success of all parties.

ORGANIZATION OF THE NEW-ENGLAND SPIRITUALISTS.

For some weeks we have been knowing to the fact that the Spiritualists of New-England have been discussing the *pros* and *cons* of organization, and were likely to ultimate their reflections in some kind of association for the development and speed of Spiritualism.

We have refrained, however, from any notice or comment, as we knew if anything was accomplished, all in good time it would be made public.—We have before us the detail of that organization, in its LIST OF OFFICERS, CONSTITUTION, BY-LAWS, and ADDRESS to the people of New-England. And we find among the list of officers, many names well known to the Spiritual family, whose presence in an organized association must be a significant comment on much of the *abuse* "The Society for the Diffusion of Spiritual Knowledge" has received from some of the "wise men of the East;" and we hope the discussions of the subject, which have been going on for some months, may have been suggestive of moderation and tolerance to all parties. That there should be a difference of opinion of the value of organization, in sight of the past tyrannies of Church and State governments, is to us very natural; but that intolerance and antagonism should be the animating Spirits in the controversy, would be marvellous indeed.

That organization can be used to advantage, and is the highest form of *practical* order, will be plain to the mind free from bias, while reading over the names of the men here associated. We say *plain*, for we find the varying shades of opinion which we know many of these gentlemen to possess, made secondary to the great purposes of working life. The simplest band of union makes them members of the one family, and is summed up in this short, but comprehensive statement of fact,—*"Spirits do communicate with mortals."*

This is not an organization of opinion, therefore, but of *fact*, and is pledged to no other issue. Section 1 of the Constitution informs us that "the name of the Society shall be *The New-England Spiritualists' Association*." And section 2 states "Its object shall be the diffusion of the knowledge of the phenomena and principles of Spiritualism."

Although many may think this altogether too indefinite a statement to answer the ends of the inquirer, if he will be patient, and read with attention the "Address," which will be found in another column, he will learn that great importance is attached to the word Spiritualism. There is a question, however, that may be asked by those whose past culture has been more *devotional* than philosophical, and that is, what provision is made for the religious education of the members of this Association? The answer must be found in the devotional character of Spiritualism itself, which is an open treasure to each and all that seek Spiritual knowledge and consolation. The particular loves, whether of a theological, devotional, or sectarian character, must be secondary to the practical ends of a tolerant and working unity, that makes the provision for the varying phases of opinion, while concentrating a *working unanimity* to a definite purpose.

How far this Association will answer the expectations of its friends, where there is such difference of opinion among its members, will be answered better by the *revelations of time* than the assumptions of the critic.

The by-laws make all the needful provision for the admission of members, the formation of auxiliary associations, and the other relations of the Association.

The following are the "OFFICERS of the Association."

President—ALLEN PETERMAN, Esq., Roxbury, Mass.
Vice Presidents—Hon. J. F. Simmons, Providence, R. I.; Alvin Adams, Boston, Mass.; Benjamin Kingsbury, Jr., Esq., Portland, Me.; Harrison Bliss, Worcester, Mass.; E. Mattocks, M. D., Lyndon, Vt.; J. Seymour Brown, Hartford, Ct.; Rufus Allen, Springfield, Mass.; Robert Wilson, Esq., Keene, N. H.; B. C. Harris, Fiskeville, R. I.; Jonathan Bean, Montville, Me.; Joseph Crane, Hampton Falls, N. H.; Ward Cheney, Manchester, Ct.; Rev. Adin Ballou, Hopkdale, Mass.; Rev. Daniel F. Goddard, Boston, Mass.

Recording Secretary—C. P. Weeks, Boston, Mass. (No. 9 Court street).

Corresponding Secretaries—A. E. Newton, Boston, Mass. (5 Washington street); John S. Adams, Chelsea, Mass. (or 115 Washington street); Boston; Rev. Henry J. Hudson, Chelsea, Mass.

Treasurer—Jonathan Brown, Jr., Boston, Mass.
Trustees—Phineas E. Gay, H. F. Gardner, M. D., Alfred B. Hall, Thos. Parks, John Baker, Caleb Eddy, George Darracott, Horace B. Wilbur, John S. Rogers, James Swan, Boston, Mass.; Charles Foster, Charlestown, Mass.; Jonathan Buffum, Lynn, Mass.; Edward Haynes, Dedham, Mass.
Committee on Membership—Albert Bingham, Esq., Boston, Mass.; A. B. Child, M. D., Boston, Mass.; John Rogers, Roxbury, Mass.; Bela Marsh, Boston, Mass.; Rev. Herman Snow, Boston, Mass.

Section 5 of the Constitution inform us—

"Any person who believes in the reality of Spiritual-intercourse, may become a member of the Association, if his or her department and character are acceptable to the Committee on Membership, upon signing the Constitution and complying with the by-laws."

This will suggest what is to be done by such as may desire to become members.

We have neither room nor disposition for criticism, although we hope soon to hear of this Association as a practical, working organization, for the world needs workers more than any other form of argument to induce men and women to labor together for good. We wish this band of brothers and friends, God speed in the voyage of life, and hope they will remember that *one service* with the hand of *practical* charity is worth a thousand with the tongue.

The religion that is baptized in the divinity of *deeds* and consecrated by *love* to *man*, will be the religion of manhood, be its name what it may.

We give the "address" entire, as we wish the New-England friends to explain their position in their own language.

ADDRESS TO THE CITIZENS OF NEW ENGLAND.

It is computed that nearly two millions of people in our nation, together with hundreds of thousands in other lands, are already believers in Spiritualism. No less than twelve or fourteen periodicals are devoted to the publication of its phenomena and the dissemination of its principles. Nearly each succeeding week brings, through the press, some new books treating exclusively upon this subject. Every day, and much more than daily, lectures are given in the presence of audiences quite respectable as to both numbers and character. Circles are held by day and by night in nearly every city, town and village throughout our country.

Belief that Spirits speak intelligibly to man is already working widely and deeply; it is fast gaining power for either good or evil. It asks, and it may well claim, attention from every considerate mind. It is in our midst; it is at work among us. Is it a friend or is it a foe to man? Examine it; try it; learn its nature; learn its purposes; learn its effects; and when well informed, answer the question, and shape your treatment of the subject. Such is the call to every influential mind. And the call is for prompt action. Resistance (if resistance be called for) must be speedy, or it will be useless.

Soon the strange faith will have grown too strong to be resisted. Already it makes itself the companion of the farmer in his fields—the mechanic in his work-shop—the sailor in cabin or fore-cabin—the judge on his bench—the senator in his legislative chair—the clergyman in his desk—the philosopher in his study; it goes with man through all his varied walks in life, and it nestles fondly with woman, whether in the kitchen, the nursery or the parlor. Nor is it a mere companion—it assumes to be teacher and helper—it tells of matters beyond doubt and the grave, and concerns itself with things of deep and universal interest. It gains a ready hearing, and sows its seeds of truth or of error, of fact or of delusion, on many a fertile spot. Its words are already moulding the condition of millions of immortal souls, not while they shall dwell in the body merely, but after they shall have gone to the invisible mansions in the Father's house. Things material also are made its topics; it out-travels the astronomer in his remotest journeyings to suns and systems in the distant heavens; it scans the composition of the planets, and describes their vegetation and their various inhabitants with a minuteness which the most powerful fails to furnish in the observatories of science. The chemist's laboratory never reaches such thorough analyses of matter as the teachers in Spiritualism are daily describing. Statements are made which more than hint at such knowledge of the properties of matter, as will help man in all the daily avocations of life; such as will aid the agriculturist, the machinist, the mechanic; such as will lessen our toils and improve our modes of life. These new teachers pass beyond the bounds which have hedged in, not the astronomer alone, but the geologist, the mineralogist, the chemist, the physiologist—the man of any and every science. Statements are made about properties in matter which have escaped man's detection—but which, when described, can be used by him. The finer properties of his own organs are set forth, and he is taught how to turn them to advantage in the preservation or restoration of health. It is not the future and distant alone that the clairvoyants are describing; but the near and the present also. This earth, and all things upon it, are being analyzed and unfolded and made of higher use. These statements hint at some few of the teachings which are working their way into thousands of minds, where they will effect changes for better or worse.

But there is something more than *teaching*. Spiritualism *works*. The sick and feeble feel its touch, and are healed or strengthened, in numberless cases; and this, not by miracle, but by the use of natural means, under the direction of an eye that looks through the human organism, sees the difficulty, and sees where and how to apply the remedy. And beside the curing of disease, we have "signs" ours, too, is a generation seeking after signs; and we have them in the movements of tables and chairs by invisible power—in the music from pianos, drums and trumpets, where no visible power is near—in audible voices—in distinct vision of the departed, and in many other ways. All these things must indicate that the public mind will be roused to observation, and that it will receive these wonderful words and works as being *in fact* what they claim to be, unless some other producing cause can be demonstrated. Here is the world's work. The phenomena, many of them at least, are generally admitted. They claim to be the work of *Spirits*; and such claim must stand good, unless the world can show some other adequate and probable agent. To show such an agent is the duty of every one who apprehends harm from Spiritualism.

We who now unite to form an association, are firmly persuaded that the Spirits of the departed come to us; that they wait and speak for our instruction and improvement. We believe that they work in harmony with God's universal laws; in harmony with his kind designs; and that, in lending our aid to this cause, we are co-workers with the All merciful One, and with his good angels.

Such is our faith. Therefore, if there be any

thing of manhood in us, sneers and scoffs and ridicule are not the instruments that will be likely to change or stay our course. Facts and sound argument we think we can give for the faith that is in us; and we trust that we shall be ready to admit the fair and full force of all facts and sound argument that shall be brought to bear against our belief. But those who would shake our faith are asked to discover, and distinctly describe and define, some other power than Spirits, which can cause all the varied, wonderful phenomena of Spiritualism. Faraday, Rogers, Dods, Beecher, and others, have tried—and, if they have satisfied themselves, they obviously have failed to satisfy the great mass of reasoning and thinking minds.—Their several efforts are so far failures as that they cannot be called successes. *Time is strengthening the claims of the Spirits*. Their powers are confessedly adequate to the works performed; while their opponents fail to show any other adequate power. All such failures imply difficulties; and repeated failures give suspicion of impossibility. The foundations of Spiritualism stand as yet unimpaired by the efforts that have been made to shatter them. Still, however, we would invite to new efforts in the same direction, provided they be manly and honest. If we are in error, we must become sufferers. For our own good, as well as for the good of the world, we ask for the most extensive and thorough investigation that can be given. True, we should be sorry to let go our hold upon a faith that throws so much pleasant light upon both the present and the future world; that is so full of consolation in hours of bereavement; so full of power to substitute joy for sorrow; so beautiful in its relations of the Heavenly Father's work and laws; so emphatic in its declarations that we all must reap that which we sow; so cheering in its exhortations to duty; so clear in its justifications of the way of God to man. We should be sorry to part with this elevating and purifying Faith—and yet, if it be error, if facts and logic can prove it unsound, we hope to be ready to exchange it for something true and therefore good.

But while others are urged to investigate, we, who have passed beyond disturbing doubts, feel a call upon us to prepare for some systematic course of effort to disseminate the truths which we value. Association is the customary and therefore almost the necessary step. We therefore associate; not that we fail to see that association may tend to sink the individual—to lessen his personal efforts—and dispose him to follow where others lead, rather than judge for himself. But though there be dangers, there are benefits also; and it should be our purpose to shun the former while we avail ourselves of the latter.

Perhaps we shall find but little to do at present in our associated capacity. Spiritualism has sprung up—an infant giant—and in less than seven years has made its power felt in all parts of the civilized world. This it has done by its own inherent energies. Unaided by associations, but availing itself of individuals, it has pushed its way to the homes and hearts of millions.

And yet we may by our association be instrumental in spreading knowledge of what the wonderful child *has done and is doing*; and thus perhaps we may prepare the way for his more ready reception and more beneficent action among individuals and private circles. It is obvious that the efficient actors—the moving powers—are hidden from most of us. We should be no more than humble co-workers with the *unseen*. Our province is to follow, rather than to lead; to execute, rather than to plan. At present, perhaps, we may think it best to do little more than put ourselves in readiness for calls that may come to us from the yet silent future. But should we be thus passive, we may yet accomplish something—perhaps much.—The world does not understand Spiritualism, and ignorantly makes it imply much that has no necessary or natural connection with it. The ultra doctrines and plans of any who profess belief in Spiritualism, are regarded as the outgrowth of that belief. As well might these ultraisms and eccentricities be charged to Christianity, for the same agitators are believers in Christianity also. The fruits of our creed, the earliest of them, have yet scarcely matured—while the latter have not been fairly formed. Their quality we argue from the wisdom and beneficence of the God who sows the seed. Where He is sower, we feel that it is safe and wise to admit the seed into the grounds which He has allotted to each of us. Our creed is simple. *Spirits do communicate with man*—that is the creed. The legitimate consequences of belief in that single fact, are all that can be chargeable upon Spiritualism. All else that Spiritualists may believe and do, belongs to them as individuals, and not necessarily as Spiritualists. We seem to be saying but little; yet it may be no small matter to utter *unitedly* the five simple words—*Spirits do communicate with man*. Such utterance implies the facts that we disclaim all connection with any sect, party, or ism; that we are only young disciples in a new school, waiting for more knowledge and education before we are fitted to plan and execute new schemes for the world's good; that we would be patient learners from the intelligences of greater experience and wisdom than we now possess.—There may seem to be, and there is, much of the world's impurities floating on the waters of Spiritualism—but its action is superficial and does not destroy the pearls which are imbedded at the bottom. Those pearls—the affectionate appeals; the wise counsels; the cheering description of the Spirit-world; the unfoldings and extension of human science; the exposition of the laws of both physical and moral health—these and other similar pearls are rich enough to compensate for the disagreeableness of the obliquity that follows the divers in this sea.

Calmly but firmly we would put ourselves in readiness to help extend a faith that opens the doors of immortality to the skeptic; that gives new life and strength to the believer; that sees departed friends stretching down the helping hand to bear us upward to plains of clearer light and higher joys—and it is in such a work, men and women of New England, that we ask your co-operation. "A wide door is opened unto us, and effectual, but there are many adversaries."

SPIRITUALISM IN FRANCE.

From the "Journal du Magnétisme," published at Paris, conducted by Baron du Potez, we translate the following, showing in what estimation this subject is held by at least one French publication, and also that independence of idea and freedom of expression for which the conductor of this journal has ever been characterized.

FACTS AND EXPERIENCES.

I have no word to characterize this human weakness; this cowardice of the *sarants*,—of those men who recoil, through fear, from the examination of a fact, whatever it be, when that fact in any respect goes counter to their reason. The world is thus held in suspense, and the most essential truths remain uncertain, thereby losing their natural hold upon the mind.

When a new phenomenon makes its appearance,

it should not be rejected, but verified and recorded; so much the better if it be from a mysterious domain, and seems to touch upon the invisible; so much the better if it is due to unknown causes;—it opens a vast field to the mind of mankind, and research then begins.

The academicians have become the grave-diggers of all moral truths; by them, doubt has entered the firmest minds, and every where the sweet hope of a life beyond the grave has ceased to exist. Religion is dead; man is no more than an animal moved by a species of electricity; the belief of our fathers touching a future life, is treated as a reverie; power, to-day, consists in the negation of all that is true and eternal. We travel in darkness; and of what importance are the marvels of industry, the fruitful discoveries in the arts or the physical sciences? Is it that the mysterious principle which animates us has no fixed destiny? Is it that the void which surrounds this unknown force, called life, prevents it from having a divine origin? Oh miserable Present! thou hast need of all the opulence of industry to conceal thy tatters; but the wounds are bleeding, and the blood oozes through the richest fabrics.

We enter, without fear, upon the consideration of the phenomena which belongs to magnetism; we shall in like manner speak of the Spirits. Far from being an evil, the subject will be a blessing, if all the things which we are about to recount are true; far from being terrified, we should, on the contrary, thank God for bringing them to light at the moment when the fire of mind was becoming extinguished.

Our researches will extend to the most mysterious facts which may be produced, and at a later period we shall allow ourselves of the light of experience to render an explanation easy.

Below will be found extracts from American journals on these new phenomena.

BARON DU POTEZ.

EXTRACTS FROM AMERICAN JOURNALS.

The appearance of Spiritualism has been an event of the highest importance to the United States.—The doctrine of communication with Spirits by means of a *medium*, there makes rapid progress daily. It is a curious spectacle to observe this people, so positive, so sensible, so active, so preoccupied with material interests, receiving with enthusiasm a system of mysticism which places them *en rapport* with beings superior to humanity. In France, the phenomenon of turning and speaking tables has for some time occupied public attention, but generally it has been looked upon only as a recreation, a social amusement. They have been astonished, and sought to explain the facts. The *sarants*, following their usual habit, have not moved a finger until compelled by public opinion. They began by denying, which is always the easiest method; then they sought to prove that all these marvels were known to them long since, and did not merit a serious examination.—It was only the sounds of cracking joints, tricks of ventriloquism, vibrations, instinctive movements, &c. Briefly, the conclusion was that the whole thing was not worthy of serious attention. And as we have no great desire to deceive ourselves, and abuse what we have admired so much, they have not hesitated to laugh at the tables and the Spirits, and to deliver their own over to the tender mercies of the theologians and the sarcasms of the *charivari*. In America, on the contrary, the people have had numerous experiences; grave men, magistrates, wise men, artists, have not disdained to observe perseveringly, and they have obtained such prodigious results, that reason is in some sort terrified. On every side *mediums* have sprung up;—that is to say, persons endowed with the privilege of serving as an intermediary to the communications of Spirits. A considerable portion of the population devote themselves to the pursuit of the marvellous. Hence has arisen a new church, whose symbol of faith is still far from being reduced to a uniform formula, but which has, for a common belief, the fact of commerce with the souls of the departed. In cities of a certain importance, are established Spiritual associations, whose reunions form a species of cult. Many newspapers are specially devoted to recording the facts of Spiritualism, to discussing its doctrines, and publishing communications from Spirits. It is believed that these manifestations will regenerate humanity, transform politics, religion and the social constitution. Last spring the Spiritualists presented a petition to Congress, asking the nomination of a scientific commission to verify and establish the facts. The different copies of this petition, when joined together, formed a band four hundred feet long, which was wound upon a cylinder; the number of signatures amounted to twenty thousand. Certainly, no one can deny that such a demonstration is quite imposing, and the great powers of the State were bound to move in the matter. At the same time, we think that in a country as free as the United States, where the government has the good sense to restrain its action within the strictest limits, there is no chance to interpose authority for the establishment of any system whatever. The government, which is neutral with regard to the different religions, and is bound to accord to all the guarantees of good policy should be careful in patronizing any scientific theory

published in New York, is principally devoted to the discussion of this subject; it contains moral theses, and occupies itself above all, with the amelioration of the condition of humanity, and with the good which will result to it from commerce with Spirits. The number of the 13th of May last gives the statistics of a Society formed for the propagation of the knowledge of Spiritualism. The members propose to offer gratuitously, to those who seek the truth, opportunities of investigating, by means of the most remarkable mediums; to collect facts; to publish a paper and books for the propagation of Spiritualism; to hold circles for the same object, &c. We print from it the following letter: [Then follows a letter from A. S. Morin, detailing manifestations witnessed at Mr. Koon's, at Dover, Athens Co., Ohio.]

JUDGE EDMONDS'S NEW WORK.—In our notice last week of this book, we took it for granted our readers generally knew, that the work was to be published by Partridge and Britton, No. 500 Broadway; but as we have received an "order" for the work, we with the friends to remember that the above firm are the publishers, and send their "orders" accordingly.

Poetry.

And Poetry, too, shall lend her aid,
Persuading as she sings—
Scattering o'er your shielded ear,
Sweet incense from her wings.

THE FUTURE LIFE.

BY WILLIAM CLEGG BRYANT.

How shall I know that in the sphere which keeps
The disembodied Spirits of the dead?
When all the state of things is changed, and deep
And peaceful slumber the dust we tread?

For I shall feel the stir of dustless feet,
For I must meet my gentle presence there;
Nor hear the voice I love, nor read again
In thy serene eyes the tender thought.

Will not thy own weak hand demand me there?
That heart which once fondly throbs to me were given?
My name on earth is ever in thy prayer,
And must not never utter it in heaven?

In meadows fanned by heaven's life-breathing wind,
In the refulgence of that glorious spring,
And lo! the forest of the unfettered mind,
Will thou forget the love that joined us here?

The love that lived through all the stormy past,
And meekly with its lover's hand was joined;
And deeper grew, and tender to the last,
Shall I expire with life, and be no more?

A happier lot than mine, a larger light
Await thee there: for thou hast loved thy will
In cheerful freedom to the rule of life;
And loved all, and rendered good for ill.

For me, the world care in which I dwell,
Shrink and convulse with heart and hand the scroll,
And wrath has left its seat—-the fire of hell—
Has left its fearful sign upon my soul.

Yet, though thou wastest the glory of the sky,
Willst thou not keep the same beloved name—
The same fair doublet of love and life,
Lover in heaven's sweet climate, yet the same.

Shalt thou not teach me, in that calmer hour,
The wisdom that I learned still in this—
The wisdom which is here—will I become
Thy fit companion in that land of bliss?

THE LIFE HARP.

There is a harp whose music
I never hear,
But which on earth
Within the human breast.

Of time in joy and sorrow,
Its music will be heard,
As whirling fast, in winter,
The driving winter snows.

And, it whispers softly
Upon the Spirit's ear,
As the leaves of Autumn,
All marching to their turn.

Its notes are never silent,
In tumult or in strife,
And in our dreamy hours
Of its melody of life.

Oh! in the hush of midnight,
When bright dreams disappear,
And in the silent chamber,
Their slumbering wings we hear.

We find this harp is waiting,
And its music is heard,
The earthly music of angels,
The love of other days.

This harp has trembled ever,
Since God breathed over the strife;
And bade it time its beating
By the hand of angels give.

And one there is of players
Whose play is music-kind—
Has played the dirge of many
Who are now in Silent Land.

His music is the softest
That mortals ever know,
The sweetest, wisest, saddest,
Which with our hearts overflows.

No music is more holy,
Than makes this mortal player,
Whose magic music is—LOVE.

[For the Christian Spiritualist.]

My DEAR SIR: I have been thinking for a long time of sending you some of the communications that have been written by my hand, but not knowing whether they would be acceptable or not, I have delayed; but however, I believe I will send you one which was given under the following circumstances. Some months ago I was in company with a small circle, about a mile from home, and through the tipping of the table we were informed that the Spirit of a stranger was present, and that while in the form it never knew any of us. It purported to be the Spirit of a female, and its residence while in the form, was Rensselaer County, N. Y., and that she would at some future time write a communication by my hand and sign her name to it. One week from that time, while alone in my house, I was put into the writing state, and the following I found written when I became conscious:

With anxious hearts did Spirits stand,
Till God put forth this great command—
Descend to earth where mortals dwell,
These glorious truths again to tell.

To children of the earth, rejoice
With cheerful heart and cheerful voice:
Your Spirit-friends can now come near,
With heavenly news your hearts to cheer.

Where'er a circle is so found,
There cheerful Spirits round—
Each anxious for his turn to come,
To teach you of their Spirit-love.

A glorious time man may see,
The ecstatic state of joy and ease:
Satanian forms will cease to bind,
That heavenly love, the human mind.

And when from bondage men are freed,
The truth will make you free indeed:
Free of all fears, and all the sin,
To choose the peaceful path to heaven.

(Signed) A. S. MORIN.

Immediately below the name was written the following: "This is written to fulfill a promise made to you at such a time and place," giving the year, month, and day of the month and week, and also the name of the people to whom the promise was given.—None of us ever heard that such a person ever lived, but since then I was at my father's, near one hundred miles from here, and he informed me, (after reading to him the circumstance), that about the time he married my mother in said County, there was a girl there of that name.

I have stood the ridicule of bigotry and hateful superstition some three years, being the first in this place to embrace the new doctrine, (new to

this age of darkness,) but I can now rejoice that I have many on all sides of me who feel interested and anxious to receive more light. The day begins to dawn, but we need assistance. I do all I can, but my means are limited, and therefore I can not do much. I sometimes feel that there is a great wrong committed by lecturers who pass through the country, and am led to ask, why is it that they follow the large popular cities and villages, where Mammon is the people's God, when there are hundreds, yea thousands, in the country and smaller places, who are hungering and thirsting for truth, who cannot go to those large places, and therefore must faint for want of nourishment? Is it because Spiritualists, too, are trying to make it a money-making business, that we in the country are neglected? If so, the cause cannot prosper. If we could have some good text medium and a good lecturer here in this village for two or three days, I believe there would be a mighty shaking among the dry bones of this sectarian region. As it is, I am the only one called a medium. Our orthodox ministers seem to act as if they were under apprehensions that they were likely to lose some of their bread and butter. I feel in hopes that I shall before long get some subscribers for your paper; it is much liked in this region, as far as it has been seen.

Yours for Truth and Progress,

L. HARRIS.

Abstract of the Proceedings at the Conference at No. 553 Broadway, Friday Evening, Dec. 15.

Mr. Bennett exhibited a picture, claimed to have been produced by Spiritual power upon a piece of oil cloth, at Mr. Gray's house, at Green Point; and gave a short history of its production and the changes through which it has passed since it was first produced. The picture was a very good likeness of the speaker, and by his side was also represented a negro, in a kneeling position. In remarking upon this picture, Mr. Bennett took occasion to refer to the subject of American slavery, but stated, although he had his opinion upon the subject, he did not deem that the proper place to enlarge upon them; every issue or movement should work out its salvation upon its own platform.

Mr. Levy wished to know what Spiritualism was. If it was the great force of the age, what was it going to reform, and in what way? Unless we discuss the subject, unless every Spiritualist understands that Spiritualism is to reform the world by making men and women really better and purer, how can we expect to do it? I think the introduction of what is called spiritism in meetings of this kind is a blessing. Hundreds have here and there, which are very good so far as the reform of the world is concerned, but they are not the very best, and some of them are of the very worst kind, and unless you tell mankind what you mean to do, many coming will not know. I am anxious to bring this subject into such meetings. I was a reformer before I was a Spiritualist, and it has that immense attraction for me, that it is to reform mankind. Unless it contained something as high as the Gospel principle of Jesus, it would not be of value to me. I should advance no ideas, I might be wrong in that; I do not know, but I am sure, and unless I am told of my error, how can it be corrected? If I tell it in public, it will be deleted, and if I find it is not right, I will find what is right, and hence it.

A gentleman remarked, that he thought there was a time and place for all things. There is a law of harmony which must exist in relation to Spiritual communications. These discussions are not for them. There is a great deal of fact, but it is not the doctrine of Christ. If we are to tell the world of facts, we must tell them in a way that will not lead to confusion. I have had an abundant fact about fact, but Spiritualism has satisfied my mind in reference to its power.—Read Paul's letter on faith. I do not agree that this is the place to discuss subjects of this kind.

Mr. Esbrough followed: I want to say a word or two upon this subject, and I wish to say more of the subject of Spiritualism. I have heard discussed, in our Conference, within the last three or four months, the propriety of introducing what is called spiritism. The question arises in my mind, who is to say what and what are not side issues? If we were to appoint an umpire, perhaps we might get along a little more harmoniously. As it is, however, I do not think one has any more right to say what is so than another. Now there is certainly a disadvantage, and sometimes an advantage in introducing these issues into our Conference. And I say, as the Conference is constituted there is no one who has any authority to say what subject shall come before the Conference—not one. The Conference itself is sovereign, and legislates upon each evening as to what subject shall, and what shall not be introduced. You do not come here pledged to speak on this or that subject, but you are free to say what you wish to say on this or that subject, because there has been no regularly prescribed rule. Who does not know that Spiritualism does branch out into every subject in the Universe? And it has a platform on which any subject may be discussed, even to the more discussion of the principles of cosmogony. If we can show that the earth had a Spiritual origin, then the question arises, who is to say what and what are not side issues? If we were to appoint an umpire, perhaps we might get along a little more harmoniously. As it is, however, I do not think one has any more right to say what is so than another. Now there is certainly a disadvantage, and sometimes an advantage in introducing these issues into our Conference. And I say, as the Conference is constituted there is no one who has any authority to say what subject shall come before the Conference—not one. 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Poetry.

[From the Home Journal.]
THE PEOPLE'S PRINCES.

BY JAMES NAGE.

While aloofly sauntering through the street,
In mood half thoughtful and half merry,
I changed a hardy and a hardy way to meet,
Bagged and very dirty—very!

His brow was dark with grief and dirt—
Unknown to joy or Crown wear;
Yet Nature made him fair and bright
As any rich man's son or daughter.

Blight fragment of humanity,
Unnoticed by thy luckier brothers!
I wonder what thy lot will be,
And what its bearing upon others!

Just now my dog is lame, account,
Who, smiling at thy bare feet, follows—
Those would not give thee the fly-calls,
Would bid him a hundred dollars!

Thou girl in gold and gems arrayed,
Some "curled darling" of the street,
Who glances at thee, half afraid,
Would thank thy touch a degradation.

That stammering poor, more foolish still,
Dressed up, as for a world's inspection,
Averts his face with quickening pace,
As if he thought thy sight infection.

No matter—thou hast mind and soul
Within thy form's unsightly prison;
And this may turn to long story;
As many a misfit has risen.

Do wash thy face! so I may trace
Some glimpse of thy future story;
Who knows but fate may grace thee yet
With youth and beauty, wealth and glory!

Oh, then, that girl that slurs thee now,
May seek in thee her joy or sorrow!
That boy may boast himself thy friend,
And come, like mine, to lawn and borrow.

That as it may—the humblest child
I reverence, though in dirt and tatters,
As in the heart of God
With any prince whom fortune deities.

For ye are princes, little ones!
Heirs of the kingdom of salvation!
Your heavenly birth keep close in view,
No matter what your earthly station.

"I CAN'T."

BY W. C. ROUSE.

Never say "I can't," my dear;
Never say it;
When some one says "I can't,"
From the lips of boy or girl,
Oh they make me do or fear;

Boys and girls that nimble play,
Never say it;
They can jump and run away,
Skip and toss and play all day;
Even did you when they say, "I can't,"
Never say it.

Never mind how hard the task,
Never say it;
Find some one who knows and ask,
"Till you have your lesson learned;
Never mind how hard the task,
Never say it."

Men who do the noblest deeds,
Never say it;
He who lacks the strength he needs,
Tries his best and acts it soon,
And at last he will succeed,
Never say it.

But when the evil tempt to wrong,
Always say it;
In your virtue first be strong,
Drive the tempter from your sight,
And when he comes you through,
Ever say it.

When good actions call you near,
Never say it;
Drive away the rising fear,
Get your strength where good men do;
Would you find a happy year?
Would you save a sorrowing tear?
Never say it.

[MRS. ENTWIST.—The following lines were written during a winter's sojourn among the mountains of California. In order to make myself comfortable, I built a log cabin, to situate the roof of which I cut down a very old oak tree. During a severe storm one evening while sitting by the fire, I am supposed to say, or may have said the following lines.]

THE DREAM.

The storm howled round the hill, the wind shrilly whistled,
And the tall, stately pine bent like reeds to the blast,
By the cheerful fire of my snug sheltered cabin,
My thoughts wandered down the dim shadows of the past.
The rain pattered down on the old oak shingles,
The brook murmured forth a sweet musical song,
And the old oak life as the shadows lengthened,
And thus spoke of things that had passed long ago.

The full two hundred years ago,
Since I a sapling stood,
When the bounteous deer and timid fawn
Boasted their range and freely roamed,
When the swift "innocent" my branches played,
And I waxed in strength and pride;
And thereon many a pleasant shade,
At summer's twilight hour.

And often in the twilight hour,
(As gentle as the dove),
The Indian Mail beneath my bower,
Has met her own true love,
And many a tender vow I've heard,
And slips which loved ones part,
I've seen glances that spoke more than words,
For they came from the heart.

I've seen the red man's children play
On Nature's grassy lawn,
And their merry shouts rang clearly out,
From the hill break of dawn,
The joyous dance upon the green,
And the spirit of the dance,
The war-dance and the council song,
But 'twas long, long years ago.

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On Nature's grassy lawn,
And their merry shouts rang clearly out,
From the hill break of dawn,
The joyous dance upon the green,
And the spirit of the dance,
The war-dance and the council song,
But 'twas long, long years ago.

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MAGNETIC MAGIC:

Historical and Practical Treatise on Exorcisms, Cabalistic Mirrors, Sorceries, Compacts, Talismans, Convolutions, Possessions, Sorcery, Witchcraft, Incantations, Sympathetic Correspondences, Necromancy, etc., etc.

Translated from the French of L. A. Chagnet,
Author of the "Colossal Telegraph."

SEVENTH DIALOGUE.

SPELL-THROWING.

OR SORCERIES—WITCHCRAFTS—CORRUPTION OF THE REASON AND INTELLIGENCE—POSSESSIONS—BLOWS GIVEN AND RECEIVED AT A DISTANCE—DECLINES WHOSE CAUSE IS UNKNOWN—OCCULT MURDER—EVIL EYES—PHILTRES, &c., &c.

32. As I was one taking a walk at Charonne, I met a magnetizer called Mr. B., and went on together. A moment afterward a young man bowed to us, when Mr. B. said, "Did you observe that young man? he is delighted since he is acquainted with mesmerism." "Why so?" I inquired. "Why, . . . it would be a long story; but I shall try to give it in a few words. The fact is this: that young man was desperately in love with a girl, whom he had attended for the last seven years. Being unwilling to marry her, he endeavored, by every means, to obtain what the girl was too pure to grant before marriage. Disappointed in his criminal designs, he experienced the most profound anger. Unfortunately it was in this desperation that the young man became acquainted with the science of magnetism; he tried his new power upon this poor girl, and it was in this state that she became pregnant. But instead of being ashamed of so foul an action, he went and told it to every body. I heard it myself from his own mouth." "And what did you say to him?" I asked. "I disapproved very highly of his conduct, but he only laughed at me." "Do you think he will marry the girl?" "Oh, no! far from it."

Such, my friend, are the abuses committed by debauchery and crime; they commit a rape upon a corpse, when they cannot succeed otherwise. Joux.—Yet all the treatises on mesmerism which I have read, affirm the contrary. ALBERT.—These writers could not admit such abominations, because they were pure themselves, and their clairvoyants necessarily shared this state of purity. They have, moreover, avoided to pollute so noble a science by considerations of this nature. But I do not act upon such considerations myself. I reveal about the result of my experiences, and I say to every one, "Be on your guard, for the purest friendship here meets with the foulest conceit and cunning."

M. Du Potet has sufficiently taught in public, the art of producing convulsive fits, not to excite immoderate expectations and projects. But I will quote a last fact which corroborates still more what I have said. 33. A magnetizer one day told me that he was acquainted with a physician who tried a justful experiment upon his clairvoyant. This woman, not being precisely a vestal, he did not meet with any opposition. But when he asked her what was the difference between . . . she answered in the following short way: "You shall know it in a fortnight; this experiment shall be rewarded by a success worthy of the idea which inspired it." The physician did not understand the prediction, and waited patiently the time fixed by the clairvoyant. But he did not wait long; on the fifteenth day, a very dangerous syphilis appeared, and disgusted him forever from another experiment.

These two facts, selected from a great many others, are sufficient to establish that the sufferings attributed by countrymen to sorcerers, are not quite destitute of basis. Several mysterious pregnancies are due to causes like that I spoke of just now. How many pure and chaste girls have thus been thrown into the paths of debauchery and prostitution; and yet their souls could not have been corrupted by acts in which their wills had no part. Several lawsuits have been instituted in order to discover the mysteries of these singular pregnancies. Theologians interfered and appreciated the facts from their own point of view. Even a Queen of France, excepted against her state of pregnancy; she established that she had not consciously had any intercourse with a man. But many hypotheses were built on every side, and some so far as to pretend that, having taken a bath in a recipient where men had been before, it was possible the Queen had thus unconsciously absorbed some particles of their seed, &c., &c.

34. A grocer of Argenteuil, called M. Bray la Mulle, one day asked me if I thought a magnetizer might ever acquire power enough over a subject to force this subject to sign a dishonest act. "The motive of my question," said that gentleman, "is that I am heir to a cousin who died at Versailles a short time ago; her property was worth about sixteen thousand dollars. Young, pretty, and a widow, every one of us thought she would soon marry again; but they were very much mistaken.—One day she threw herself into a small lake she had on her property—she thought she was pursued by people who were desirous of injuring her.—When her will was opened, we were stupefied at hearing a name which was entirely unknown to us, proclaimed as that of the heir. We inquired about this man, and heard from a servant of the deceased, that she had been magnetized by this ruffian. As she had had some mental disorder before her death, our lawyer introduced the question of magnetism in the lawsuit we brought against this man; the lawyer attempted to establish that the lady had been the victim of such a science, and that she had been led to commit suicide by an invisible power which could not be ascribed to himself. . . . But the Court discarded the consideration of magnetism, and we lost the suit. . . . Fortunately we have appealed to another tribunal, but I do not know what will be its decision."

I answered M. Bray la Mulle that it was very difficult to affirm that the testament was the result of a fraudulent action of magnetism, but that it was certainly possible it was so. I shall now examine another sort of spell-throwing, which I call "Sympathetic Spells."

A physician to the Queen of England, Mr. Digby, published in the last century a book on "Sympathetic Powers." In this work he makes use of spells thrown at a distance to explain and corroborate the power of this drug. I have already explained its virtues, and the results I have obtained with it. I shall now, therefore, limit myself to the question of sympathy, which it illustrates to a high degree. The conclusions so happily drawn by this writer, have a very great value to my eyes; but they lead to widely different objects. His quotations prove that, since it is possible to produce good at a distance, it is likewise possible to produce evil, since the law is the same for both. I advise you by all means to read this book.

Louis Philippe descended from a family of mesmerizers, and his ancestors are said to have been

familiar with the most profound secrets of magic. It is probably in consequence of similar traditions, he thought proper to conceal even the trace of the blood left by the Duke of Orleans, on the facts we have always the same law through which we exercise our own actions. Almost every magnetizer has succeeded in producing results which prove the possibility of those we spoke of. Since we can attract and lead a subject at a distance;—since we can influence his conduct and leave stigmas upon his body, there is no reason why we should not likewise be able to strike a blow ten miles off. But here, also, two conditions are indispensable, the faculty of receiving an impression, and the power of acting. Each of these manifestations seems the result of a special organization, rather than of a general law. Thus it is that certain men are only able to draw the milk of their neighbor's cows, or the wine of his cave. Some pretend that, in this case, the subtraction is real; but as for me, the fact is very doubtful. We produce the same phenomenon ourselves, . . . only it is an ideal one. We likewise act with a real placed against the wall, or a small hole pierced into it. But the wine which we thus draw out, is only subjective to the person on whom we act; it is purely Spiritual; and so is the state of intoxication which usually follows these libations. I think that here the sorcerers confound the word reality with that of ideality, which alone becomes the fact.

[To be continued.]

[From the Religious Telegraph, Dayton, Ohio.]

REMARKS ON THE PHYSICAL EDUCATION OF CHILDREN.

There is in Nature a great tendency to uniformity and perfect harmony. We see it both in the animal and vegetable kingdom. The system in which we live is full of these harmonies. They surround us on every side—for every want there is a supply. In the arrangements of Nature and of providence there is ample provision made for the rational and physical wants of man; so, in the moral and spiritual world, God deals wisely and equitably with his creatures. He has fixed laws by which he governs them, and from which he never deviates. He adapts the revelations of his mind to their understandings, and conveys instruction to them through channels suited to their capacities. From the dealings of the Father of Spirits with his intelligent offspring, though proportionally less perfect, we may trace some analogy in the conduct which a wise parent pursues towards his child. As God in his moral government exacts implicit obedience to great organic laws as the condition of happiness, so the earthly parent expects from his children as the result of judicious intelligent training, cheerful, reasonable obedience to all his demands. In the main, if we obey the laws of our being—those great laws which have to do with God's moral government—which are unbending, and admit of no exception, we shall be made as happy as it is possible for human nature to become. On this subject great ignorance prevails in society; not so much as formerly, we allow, but still there is a mystery thrown round the simple conception between Spirit and matter—viz, mind and body—which is very deplorable to witness in this nineteenth century of ours. Physiology ought to have greater prominence in education; why should it not form a part of daily instruction, and be considered as necessary as geography, astronomy, and arithmetic? If this were done, the next generation would be much healthier, more intelligent, and more moral than the present. Look at the animal and vegetable races, how naturally they obey the laws God has given them, and it is only through this compliance that they are kept in being. It is in this way that the universe is upheld; that the stars revolve in their orbits; that the seasons come, do their work, and pass away; and that the various tribes of the animal kingdom are continued from age to age. But man, made in the image of his God, transgresses and violates these laws.—Through ignorance and inattention he neglects and overlooks them. Consequently parents treat their children erroneously and cruelly, and thus prepare them for a future life of suffering and disease.—The question has been asked, what are our elder daughters doing? But we would ask mothers, to what end are they training their daughters? Many mothers seem to vie with each other as to who shall support their children at the greatest remove from doing anything, and they think as if degradation were connected with the effort, from training them up to habits of industry and usefulness; forgetting that work and labor are holy, sacred things in the sight of God. Bodily and mentally they are helpless for want of something to do, for want of incentives to bring out the faculties they have in common with all human beings. Trained amongst trifles—crocheting, embroidery, and knitting—allowed to read frivolous books which induce no valuable, sound thought—they grow up almost useless members of society, and when everything else is progressing they are stationary.

We have said that there is great sympathy between the mind and the body; few parents think of this, and the majority do not know it. More than half the diseases with which children suffer, are caused by the injudicious treatment they receive at the hands of those who can have no excuse for their ignorance. The influence of the brain on the digestive organs is direct. During childhood, when the brain is, in common with other organs in a state of great activity and rapid development, the proper arrangement of diet is of the greatest importance. Cheerful activity, cleanliness, dry pure air, adequate clothing, and a suitable regimen, are indispensable promoters of health.—Horses and cattle are carefully fed with the food that suits them best; and by humane people greater care is bestowed upon them than the majority of parents give to their children. Some may think we are coloring too highly this state of things, that all right minded parents love their children too much, willingly to injure them. Still we may kill by misguided blindness. Look into society as it is at present constituted, and your own knowledge will furnish you with instances of grievous wrong done to children by parents violating the physical laws of their being. High seasoned and unwholesome food is given in such large quantities, and at such irregular times, that unnatural appetites are created, and digestion impaired. Some mothers so stuff their children the whole year round with unwholesome, exciting, and stimulating meats and drinks, that they become complete gormands, and their whole thoughts are occupied with what they shall eat, and what they shall drink, and where-withal they shall be clothed. If parents would give their children good, wholesome, nourishing food, they only drink water, and let strict regularity and punctuality be observed in regard to their times of eating, a gradual change for the better would distinctly mark the rising generation, for it is most certain, that parents cannot be too particular about the dietetic habits of their children.—Their happiness here and hereafter, greatly depends upon the right physiological training given them in early life. And yet how many mothers make their

table a snare to their offspring, by pampering their appetites and loading their stomachs with improper food!

Does our "blessed Lord" smile approbation upon the present system of training adopted by many parents? Certainly not. It militates against his authority and spurns his laws.

MEMOIRS OF CELEBRATED CHARACTERS.

BY ALPHEONSE DE LAMARTINE.

Can Lamartine give the world any memoirs that will equal in interest the history of his own experience, he has without reserve or affectation, allowed the public to enter into the hidden recesses of his heart—its desires, its secret fountains—to scan the dark nooks of ill concealed egotism—the haunts of favorite fancies, as well as the tabernacle consecrated to the beautiful and true. It is not always, it is not often, that we know the man through the author—but those who enjoy a personal acquaintance with Lamartine, pronounce that there is perfect harmony between the written and actual man. His personal memoirs exceed, in positive merit, his "Memoirs of Celebrated Characters," in the same degree that an original picture surpasses a copy even the finest copies of the old masters. Yet, no one can peruse the work which Lamartine has just given to the public without profit and pleasure. It should be in the hands of all the lovers of pure and refined literature. His eloquent pen makes us familiar with Nelson, with Columbus, with Homer, with Socrates and Cicero, with Cromwell, Guttenberg, Fénelon, with Héloïse and Joan of Arc.

Madame de Lamartine, a distinguished oriental scholar, enriches the volume by her romantic memoir of Rostam, the Persian hero. We give our readers a few extracts, but the book is one that they must delight to possess.—*Exchange.*

ABELARD.

1050.—"Peter Abelard was the son of a knight of Brittany, named Beranger, whose family had long possessed, in the neighborhood of Nantes, the castle and village of Palais. Beranger exercised, like all the gentlemen of his day, the noble trade of war. His son was brought up to arms; but the piety of his race, attested by the religious habit which Beranger, his wife and daughters, assumed in their old age, associated with the military education of the youthful Abelard the study of letters, philosophy and theology. The learning and only intellectual profession of that period of the Church, attracted to her ranks all the young men who felt within themselves the seeds of poetry or eloquence, the love of fame, and the ambition of mental supremacy. Abelard was more happily endowed than any other individual of his time. He disdained the rude life of a mere warrior, and resigned to his brothers his rights of primogeniture over the domains and vassals of the house. He quitted the paternal mansion, and went from school to school, from master to master, gathering all those buried treasures of Greek and Roman literature which France and Italy had begun to disinter from manuscripts, to restore to light, and to worship as the profane mysteries of human genius. His warm heart and fervid imagination were not satisfied with the dead languages: he wrote and spoke in Greek and Latin, but he sang in French.

"The verses, for which he composed the music himself, that the passion by which they were inspired should convey its full effect to the soul by two senses at a time, became the manual of all poets. They spread the rapidity of an eagle, which multiplies its own sound; they formed the conversation of men of letters, the delight of women, the secret language of lovers, the interpreters of undeclared sentiments, the popular songs of cities, castles, cottages; they carried the name of the young musician and familiar poet throughout the provinces of France. He enjoyed a personal fame during the spring of life in the secret souls of all who loved, dreamed, sighed or sang. A melodious voice, which gave animation to language and music, a rapid and accurate memory, a certain regularity of features, a tall and graceful figure, a face bearing a natural modesty, in which the bashfulness of early years blushed for the maturity of talent—all these qualities combined in Abelard attracted with renown. He was ever present to the eyes, the ears, the hearts of women who had seen him, or had even heard his name pronounced. It was thus that Héloïse recalled his image to her heart, long after the ruin of her illusions and her love."

HELOÏSE.

1085.—"There dwelt in Paris a rich and powerful canon of the Cathedral, Fulbert, who resided in the learned quarter of the city. He had a niece living with him (some say she was his daughter), whom he loved with paternal affection. This niece, aged eighteen, and consequently twenty years younger than Abelard, was already much noticed in Paris for her beauty and early genius. Her uncle, the canon, had treated her with all those blind indulgences which, while they adorn a chosen nature with every gift of intelligence and education, he saw not, in the weakness of age, would prepare a more signal victory for seduction, love and misfortune. Her name was Héloïse. The medallions and the statue which perpetuate her, according to contemporary traditions, and the casts taken after death in her sepulchre, represent a young female tall in stature, and exquisitely formed. An oval head, slightly depressed towards the temples by the conflict of thought; a high and smooth forehead, where intelligence revealed without impeding, like a rare, light unchecked by an obstructing angle, on the smooth surface of a marble statue; eyes deeply set within their arch, and the balls of which reflected the azure tint of Heaven; a small nose, slightly raised towards the nostrils, such as sculpture models from Nature in the statues of women immortalized by the feelings of the heart: a mouth where breathed, between brilliant teeth, the smiles of genius and the tenderness of sympathy; a short chin; slightly dimpled in the middle, as if by the finger of reflection often placed upon the lips, a long flexible neck, which carried the head as the lotus leaf floats on the undulating surface of the motion of the wave; falling shoulders, gracefully moulded, and bending into the same curve with the arms; slender fingers, flowing curls, delicate anatomical articulations, the feet of a goddess upon her pedestal—such is the statue, by which we may judge of the woman! Let the life, the complexion, the look, the attitude, the youth, the languor, the paleness, the blush, the thought, the feeling, the accent, the smile, the tears be restored to the skeleton of this other Inez de Castro, and we shall again, look on Héloïse. Her face, according to the historians of the time and Abelard himself, was striking to the eye from beauty than from expression, that graceful physiognomy of the heart, which draws, invites and compels a reciprocation of the love it offers—supreme beauty, far superior to the charms which command admiration only."

THEIR NIGHTS.—"Abelard, after lamentable hesitation, could neither determine to accept this suicide of Héloïse, nor openly to declare his passion before the world. He still continued to reside under the roof of Fulbert. Dastardly at the same time toward affection, and evincing neither the courage of love nor that of glory. In this instance, as in all others, the heart of the woman was mainly the heart of the man feminine. But his infatuation, meanwhile, nourished itself upon these agonies. Fulbert, justly irritated by a silence which resembled contempt, and which rendered his hospitality suspicious, closed his doors against the offender. This separation tore the heart of Héloïse, and humiliated that of Abelard. Neither the master nor the scholar could renounce a life in which the looks, the voice, the studies, the songs, the thoughts of both had blended two into a single soul. They contrived secret meetings, a mysterious intercourse with which Fulbert was deeply enraged. Abelard carried Héloïse away and conducted her with all respect to Nantes, to his paternal mansion, where he confided her as his wife to the affection of his own sister. Returning to Paris, he threw himself at the feet of Fulbert, implored his forgiveness, and obtained by contrition the hand of his niece. Héloïse, pardoned and secretly the spouse of Abelard. After a night passed in prayer, says he, in one of the churches in Paris, on the following morning we received the nuptial blessings in presence of the uncle of Héloïse.

and of several mutual friends. We then retired, without observation or noise, that this union, known only to God and a few intimates, should bring neither shame nor prejudice to my renown." [To be continued.]

LAUGHTER.—Laughter, considered in a moral point of view, is a great blessing. If religion be permitted to operate upon the mind in such a manner that mirth is not a pious horror, then doth it become dark and gloomy. Solomon set it down, it hath no charms to attract the listless and ungovernable. In such garb it becomes the especial dislike of children; and they who, above all, should be won by its beauties—should learn to love it for the pleasure it affords—are, by its being thus presented to them, in their early years prejudiced against it, and ultimately confirmed in hostility to it. In such a state it goes drawing and groveling down into superstition, and from hence into atheism. That it is not more fancy, but that it is plain, unglorified truth, is most emphatically attested in lands not far remote. In that portion of our own country where religion assumed its sternest frown and most sombre garments—where it was the rule by day and guide by night—founded by professors who for its untrammelled exercise had fled from oppression, and enforced by civil authority, even under its enlightening influences—in that land most fearfully did witchcraft celebrate pale Hecate's offerings!—did intolerance find its most zealous advocates; and there in latter years has indignity set up its altars, established its priesthood, and obtained its proselytes. It is not our province here to say how far laughter should be mingled with religion; whether gladness should enter into the awful realities of life and death; but this is true, if we are at any time favorably impressed with our subject, it is when we read of the Christian dying with the smile upon his lips; it is when we behold upon the senseless feature of the corpse the smile frozen forever there; the last manifestation which the soul had made through the clay, being one of noble joy and gladness. Then it is that we think, as the sacred book said truly, "God made me to laugh!"

Socially, laughter is a great conservative. It is this which binds humanity together. It is the golden shower of the Danae-earth, in which all her joys are begotten. What worth the while would society afford if it were not for this faculty of expressing our satisfaction at beholding familiar faces, and giving vent to the mirth which an interchange of happy thoughts and fancies provokes? Think of a friendly gathering without laughter! May we, out of doors, and in the open air, about a sun, the kindly greeting without a smile—society without laughter! Imagination cannot conjecture such a monstrosity! We might conjure up in fancy, perhaps, a world of strangers; but it would be a world devoid of all that is lovable in life—a vast charnel-house, peopled with skeletons. But the supreme benefit of laughter is displayed in the closer and dearer relations of life. This it is which unites household bands: This it is which gives the hearth its charm and makes the fire gleam warm and bright. In the olden time we were born in a filled with laughter and frolic, and in every room old echoes forever ring of old laughter which we loved. To be sure, there is no home but there are sorrows which may sanctify it; but it is not for the tears we have shed within the threshold that we adore it. God knows we have sufferings and griefs enough in the broad and garish light of the world, that home should not be endeared to us by afflictions and woes. No, it is for its joys and pleasures, not its sighs and sadness; its sunshine, not its gloom; its laughter, not its sorrow, that we love it. Oh, upon your grave parents in the family circle, let there be a mirth and a merriment. Their children are not children. They are old as soon as out of the cradle; and when they finally become men and women, like their parents, they are not men and women; they are mere entities.

Having now, as we think, in this short paper shown the uses and benefits of laughter, it remains for us briefly to lay down certain precepts for the guidance and governance of such as would make themselves familiar with this ancient divinity. There is a certain propriety to be observed in the expression of our mirth and gladness. By this propriety is signified that it is, under certain circumstances, proper to laugh unrestrainedly, that we may display our merriment to the world; a distinction being made between the laugh concealed and eternal. It is proper to laugh whenever we may do so without uselessly giving pain to our fellows, and without injuring a good cause. It is proper, because it is our duty to do so. Laughter was not given us to be a trap in a napkin and hid in the corner of the eye, but to be a servant to be put out at usury, so that when we render an account of it to our great BENEFACITOR, we may repay it, and hear the welcome which the faithful servant received.

Whenever wit commands us, wherever joy provokes us, whenever ridicule demands, wherever pleasure invites us, and whenever and wherever we may spread the sway and dominion of laughter, without irreverence, without injury to the good, and without giving needless umbrage to our fellows, then and there we should laugh, and laugh heartily, as if it were not the "labor we delight in," but the faculty which rules over us.—*Sent-Weekly Oracle.*

WHAT IS LOVE?—Captain Digby Grand, in Bentley's Miscellany, thus discourses:

"Love has been written up by enthusiasts and sneered down by cynics, till the very nature of that mysterious phase of the human mind has become absorbed in contradictions and confusions; inflated into folly on the one hand, and scouted as madness on the other. The noble, unselfish passion, that, hand in hand with honor, beckoned the knights of old along the path of fame, is now sneered at as the vain delusion of a silly girl. 'She is a mad creature, as at once an excuse and a reason for any act of folly, extravagance, or self-conceit, of which the patient may be guilty. 'They are both very young; they will know better in time,' says the middle-aged, shrinking back into the coat of mail that self has for years been hardening for its defence, and the kindest instinct of our worldly nature is ridiculed as a phantasy, or denounced as an absurdity. Surely this must be wrong; the very essence of true affection for another is a total abnegation and forgetfulness of ourselves; and perhaps the noblest attitude of man is that in which he casts from him the idol to which his fellow creature serves, and bows and throws off his allegiance to the tyrant self, whose chains, growing with our growth and strengthening with our strength, become daily and hourly more galling and more unrelenting. When two people can live for years apart and never forget, can undergo toil, privation, perhaps even suffering and stern rebuke, each for the other's sake—when the watches of the night bring back only one image—when a strain of music, a glance of sunshine, or a smile of beauty recalls the one loved face, when they are prepared to confront the battle of life under every disadvantage, and take the inevitable journey, weary and afoot, so they may but go hand-in-hand; depend upon it there is something more than human in the instinct which prompts self-sacrifice and self-denial—depend upon it, when we scout love from the face of the earth; we are casting off the one last link that connects us with angels in heaven, we are doing our best to plant the 'flow'rets of Eden,' nor can we complain that it is the fault of any but ourselves if we find, indeed, that 'the trail of the serpent is over them all.'"

ANCESTRY OF THE BRITISH QUEEN.—During the troubles in the reign of Charles the First, a country girl came to London in search of a place as a servant maid, but not succeeding, she hired herself to carry out beer from a brew-house and was one of them called tub-women. The brewmaster, observing a good looking girl in this low occupation, took her into his family as a servant, and after a short time married her. He died while she was yet a young woman, and left her the bulk of his fortune. The business of brewing dropped, and she, as a skillful lawyer to arrange her husband's affairs. Hyde, who was afterwards Earl of Clarendon, finding the widow's fortune considerable, married her. Of this marriage there was no other issue than one daughter, who was afterwards the wife of James the Second, and mother of Mary and Anne, Queens of England.

THE WOMEN OF GREAT BRITAIN.—There are 359,969 maids (above 40 years of age) in Great Britain. There are 1,407,235 spinsters between 20 and 40, and 1,413,242 bachelors of the same age. In the list of the occupations of women, there are 88 authors, 18 editors or public writers, 643 actresses, 135 danseuses, 16 equetrices. Of the female domestics no less than 575,311 are entered under the denomination of "general servants." Of the higher class of servants the house-maids are more numerous than the cooks, the former being 55,935, and the latter only 48,106, and there are above 50,000 "housekeepers," and nearly 40,000 nurses. The char-women are no less than 55,438 in number.—*Census Report.*